THE

ART

OF

Being EASY at all TIMES

AND

In all PLACES, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

APPROBATION.

I HAVE read, by Order of my Lord the *Chancellor*, a Manuſcript intitled, *The* ART *of being* EASY *at all* TIMES, *and in all* PLACES; and I find nothing therein, but what is very uſeful, and proper to be made Publick.

PARIS, *Sept*, 20, 1714.

DE SACY.

Bouneau des Landes / A. F.
K

THE ART OF

Being EASY at all TIMES, AND In all PLACES,

Written chiefly for the USE of a LADY of QUALITY.

The Second EDITION.

Made *Engliſh* from the *French* Original
By *EDWARD COMBE*, A.B.
of *Merton Coll.* OXON.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat Sententia, nec ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures.

HORAT.

LONDON:
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M.DCC.XXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The HONOURABLE

THOMAS WYLDE, Esq;

SIR,

THIS little, but not therefore contemptible, Piece of

Philoſophy, whereto I have preſumed to affix ſo *worthy* a *Name*, has beſide *that Honour*, a fair Pretence to *Novelty*, at leaſt, for its better Recommendation. No ſuch *Syſtem* probably was ever publiſhed before, either in any learned Language, or modern Idiom,

I SAY

DEDICATION.

I SAY nothing, as the Way is, of the Merit of the *Author* much leſs of the *Verſion*. Had he not been ſo very ſtudiouſly *conciſe*, and ſo elegantly *Sententious*, I ſhould conceive leſs Reaſon to apprehend the Succeſs of my Attempt. The Work would appear more flattering to me, and

more perſpicuous, I am perſuaded, to a haſty Reader. I am

With all due Reſpects,

Honoured SIR,

Merton-Coll.
1723. *Your moſt Obedient*

Humble Servant,

EDW. COMBE.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE *Title* I have choſen will certainly pleaſe, but whether or no the *Book* will, is the Queſtion. I cannot be ſo vain, as to flatter my ſelf with Succeſs; and therefore, freely give up this *ſmall Treatiſe*, to the Judgment of every impartial Reader. Oſtentation is a Crime. The Title that ſeems to promiſe too much, does harm to the Work. The

Mind, when prepoſſeſſed, goes farther than one would have it, and ſhould be well paid for the Pain it gives itſelf, in expecting Things extremely fine.

WHAT Motives for juſt Apprehenſion! Never was Matter of more *Concernment*, than this I have undertaken to explain. All *Men* are ſubject to be *Uneaſy*. *Thoſe* have moſt *Art*, who dextrouſly conceal their own *Uneaſineſs* from *others*, but yet they cannot deceive *themſelves*. We cannot be inſenſible of what we feel. By its flattering Eloquence, *Self-love* would perſuade *us*, that we are never *alone*; and afterwards, we would perſuade *others* to think ſo too. But this Illuſion eaſily va-

niſhes

niſhes. The *Mask* falls off, and our *natural Ideas* prevail. Did not CICERO preſume a little too far on his own Merit, when he declared, *he was never without Company?* This Praiſe ſeemed to him to be ſingular, and worthy of a great Man.

THE Empire of the World has been divided betwixt *Ignorance* and *Pride*. Ignorance weakens, and intimidates Men's Spirits. How can they free themſelves from what is too inſipid, and identical in human Life? *Pride* will not condeſcend, nor be beholden: How then can it yield to thoſe delicate Complacencies, whoſe flattering Variety concatenates Pleaſures, and makes them ſucceed each other?

Theſe are the Cauſes of a *tireſome Uneaſineſs*; Cauſes that are very prolifick, and never to be exhauſted. This I readily grant, though in ſo doing, I cannot ſave the Honour of Mankind.

To inſtruct any one then, in the *Art* of being *Eaſy* at all *Times*, will, I hope, be allowed to be an uſeful Attempt, and is of more Uſe, without doubt, than all other Things, which have been hitherto admired. We may eaſily be without *Eloquence*, and *Hiſtory*. Man would live perhaps more happy, if he was leſs learned, and leſs cultivated, but we are *weary* and *uneaſy* every where; at *Court*, as well as in the *Country*, in great *Poſts*, as well as in *Obſcurity*.

and is it not advantagious, to be delivered from an Enemy, ſo much the more cruel, as he is leſs open and known? Conduct, and Skill, above all things, are neceſſary in this new Kind of *hidden War*; and theſe are no leſs the Work of a plain Study, than of a florid Imagination. I appeal to the Judgment of the greateſt, I would ſay, to the Judgment of thoſe, who ſhine amongſt the moſt polite, of the beſt Breeding, and the niceſt Taſte.

I DO not pretend to have exhauſted the Subject. Not over favourable to my own Productions, I rather fear, I have but lightly touched it. Such Modeſty (and I can aſſure the Reader, it is ſincere) will

will, I hope, in ſome Meaſure deſerve his Indulgence. I am pleaſed with thinking ſo. Nevertheleſs, I will not rob *Vanity*, of the *Tribute* it exacts of every *Author*. I ought to be kindly received for handling a Matter that is *new*, and which may be ſaid to have been hitherto forgot. This Praiſe is leſs conſpicuous; but is perhaps as agreeable, as Succeſs.

Monſieur DE LAGNI, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, a Gentleman of great Wit, and who, to Mathematical Exactneſs, joins all the Elegance, of polite Learning; informed me of a *German*, who has wrote upon a Subject like *this*, though with a different Title. But after the

Mode of thoſe *Northern* Writers, his Book is ſtuffed with nothing but Paſſages and Citations. I did not take the Pains to read it, rather chuſing, to deliver my own Sentiments, than to plume my ſelf with borrowed Feathers: It is a ſervile Thing to ſubject ones ſelf to Ideas, that are not of our own, but of a foreign Growth.

I KNOW not, whether I may be permitted to prolong this Preface, by a ſmall Remark. Perhaps ſome will find Fault with me, for not ſpeaking of certain *melancholy Characters*, which nothing can excite to Pleaſures, and who are *dull* and *uneaſy* wherever they are. I foreſaw this Objection, and muſt ſay, that the Preſcription of a skilful

Phyſi-

Phyſicians, is more neceſſary in that Caſe, than the Lectures of a rigid *Philoſopher*. *M.* TSCHIRNHAUS, a *Saxon* Gentleman, was the firſt, who in one * Work, preſcribed Recipes for the Cure, both of the *Mind*, and the *Body*. The *Succeſs* diſappointed his *Expectation*. If I may ſo ſay, ſuch an Example frights me, and no Maxim is oftner inculcated than this, WE *ſhould learn to be* Wiſe, *from the* Misfortunes *of* OTHERS.

PARIS, *July* 21, 1714.

DES LANDES.

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* See his Treatiſe, *De Medicinâ Mentis & Corporis*, &c. i. e. Of *Phyſic* for the *Mind* and *Body*.

TO

TO

Madame DE M***

HOW much, MADAM, *are you to be lamented, and how nearly am I touched with your Caſe! Born with all the engaging Charms of Wit and Beauty, that can adorn a young Perſon, you had Reaſon to promiſe your ſelf the moſt agreeable Felicity: But*

mali-

malicious Fortune, either through Blindneſs, or Jealouſy, has diſappointed the Views of Nature. Your Charms are become the Prey of a rigid Husband. Subjected to whoſe Caprice, you ſee your ſelf baniſhed to the moſt remote Corner of a dull Country, where Wit paſſes for a Monſter, in the literal Senſe. How nauſeous to your refined Taſte muſt be the unpoliſhed Behaviour of thoſe Creatures, who daily infeſt your Houſe! With leſs Wit you would be more happy.

happy. But by a deplorable Fatality, your Underſtanding is become your Torment: Every Thing in the Country is formal and reſerved; there is only ſeen an inſipid Politeneſs, made up of ruſtick, home-bred, Compliments. Can You, MADAME, *condeſcend to this? Your exquiſite Taſte, and the Brightneſs of your Sentiments aſſure me of the contrary. How long and tedious muſt the Days appear to you, in a Place where no Body pretends to* THINK! *I fear that even your own Reflections, notwith-*

notwithſtanding the Wiſdom that conducts them, will at length be tireſome to you. In the mean Time, take Care that you fall not into MELANCHOLY, *the four Effects of* SPLEEN. *There is an* ART *of being* Eaſy *at all* Times, *and in all* Places; *this is the moſt curious, and moſt ingenious Art which Nature has to offer. I will endeavour to give an exact Idea of it in this Work. It will merit perhaps the Approbation of Perſons, who love new and bold Flights. To conclude ;* MADAME, *you ought*

ought to be under ſome Obli-
gation to me, for the Pains
I have taken to make you
EASY. *The Heart had a*
greater Share in it, than the
Head. Leave, then, to the
Purity and Delicacy of your
own Thoughts, the Care of re-
gulating your Acknowledg-
ment; and I perſuade my
ſelf, it will be attended with
a ſincere Return.

DES LANDES.

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THE

THE ART OF Being EASY at all TIMES.

CHAP. I.

What Genius is most happily disposed for this Purpose.

THE WORLD is a Theatre, on which whatever is repreſented appears too cold and too languid for every

Spectator; there is nothing New in it, nothing which can excite a lively Intention; the ſame Objects are always in View, and the very ſame Decorations; this muſt fatigue the Eye of the moſt careleſs Obſerver; neither is there any eſſential Difference in the Parts, or conſiderable Variety in the Characters: New Players ſucceed thoſe who go off the Stage, but continue the ſame Geſture, and the ſame Habits. A Perſon of the leaſt Penetration cannot miſtake them. That rapid Motion which ſweeps away every Thing, and which cauſes a perpetual Train of Revolutions in human Affairs, does not in the leaſt change the Face of the Earth; which made the Duke of ROCHFOUCAULT ſay,

We ought to wonder at nothing, but that we can wonder at all.

ALL Ages are alike, and the World, at this Time, is not different from what it was in its Infancy. We see the same Follies, and the same Fopperies, which distinguished our Forefathers, revive amongst us; a great Inconstancy and Vanity, a mighty Love for that, which is false, or monstrous, a studied Fear of knowing our selves, and little Application to Things, which are most useful; as we perceive by the History of every Age. Such is the Depravity of human Nature, that the Tempers and Inclinations of Men never change, if I may so say. They are indebted to Intereſt or Self-love, for the dif-

ferent Situations they may find themſelves in. Nature, happily thrifty, ſeems to have committed the Particulars of our Conduct to their Charge. It is upon their Care and Skill, that all the Play of our Paſſions depends; there is a hidden, but ſimple Art in all their Sallies and Emotions; and there is that true Science, which endeavours to diſcover their principal Relations and Correſpondencies.

A JUST turn of Thought teaches Man what he owes to Intereſt or Self-love: Full of the Ideas it inſpires him with, he makes himſelf Maſter of whatever Point he has in View, to which he can refer every Object that ſurrounds him. His Proceedings and his Thoughts ne-

 ver

ver deviate from it. Indeed a too near Vicinity, or a too great Diſtance, expoſes us to groſs Error: Theſe two Extremes cannot be avoided, but by a Kind of Study, which ſuppoſes great Exactneſs of Thought; and this Study is the principal Character which diſtinguiſhes great Men.

WE ſhould not be uneaſy and diſcontented in the World, did we not abandon our ſelves too much to the Sway of an unruly Imagination. Too favourable an Opinion of our ſelves, and a too ſevere Cenſure of the Slips of others, is the Cauſe that we cannot judge rightly of our own Actions. From whence a thouſand falſe and ridiculous Ideas ariſe, which Pride in

the mean Time does not offer us, but under a flattering Dreſs. Guided by theſe impatient Sallies, the Mind dares not then remain in a State of Tranquility and Reſt; as it happened to *Charles* the Fifth, Emperor and King of *Spain*. Tired with the Throne, he reſolved to taſte the Charms which ſeemed to lye hid in an obſcure Condition; but could not bear its Indolence: *And the Day that he reſigned the Crown to his Son, was the very Day in which he repented of making him ſuch a Preſent* *.

Is it to Inconſtancy of the Mind, or the Malignity of the Heart,

* See *Strada's* Hiſtory of the *Low-Country* Wars.

that

that we are to ascribe the small Account, which every one makes of his own Condition? Strange Folly! The Goods of Fortune, which cannot escape us insensibly, become the Object of our Contempt. The more promising and lively our Hope is, the fewer Charms seem to be in the Possession, succeeded by that Languor, which is the Effect of Tranquility; it blunts our Appetite, and palls our Taste.

These are the Fruits of that inexhaustible Spring of Desires, which incumber the Heart of Man. Seeing he cannot content them all at once, he turns himself to them successively, giving the Preference of a present, to a future Desire:

So that Life is nothing, to ſpeak properly, but a perpetual Round of Levity and Inconſtancy. The ſame Things never preſent themſelves twice to our Thoughts, in the ſame Manner. They change their Face and Figure, as we change the Object in View. The firſt Ideas are totally effaced, and Novelty, which has a ſingular Aſſurance to ſtrike the Mind, admits others in their Place without any Examination. A Man who has once loſt the Clue of Truth, is almoſt incapable of ever recovering it again; he may be ſaid to reſemble thoſe unhappy Wretches, who were bewildered in the *Cretan* Labyrinth, and could not poſſibly get out by the ſame Path, thro' which they entered.

I AM

I AM perſuaded there muſt be ſomewhat inexpreſſibly fine and agreeable, in a Way of Thinking, not to be dazled too much with what paſſes in the World, and yet at the ſame Time, to be ſufficiently touched with it. An Admiration too ſervile and ſubmiſſive, ſurprizes and cramps the Mind, and makes it incline to unſatisfactory Objects. Attended by Prepoſſeſſion, it does not know the Art of putting a juſt Eſtimate on the moſt common Things: This is the Cauſe of ſo many falſe Judgments we run into. It is very needful that the Paſſions, ſhould raiſe a lively Fire in us, to excite and animate our Sentiments; but Prudence ought always to check us,

whenever we ſeek to be dazled by them. To that End therefore, it ought to uſe a certain Grace, which renders its Authority amiable; for Man ſeems to be made daily to renew himſelf; and would fall into a ſtupid Indolence, if the Paſſions did not ſupport him. Thus nicely managed, they agitate the Heart, and diſquiet the Mind, without troubling the one, or debilitating the other.

Inſenſibility, reduced to a Syſtem, is, perhaps, one of the greateſt Extravagancies of the antient Philoſophy: It would perſuade a Man to look on Good and Evil, with an equal Eye, at the ſame Time. This Bravery was nothing more than an artful Mask, to con-

ceal

ceal innate Pride. We often de-ſpiſe what others eſteem, by I know not what Kind of falſe Greatneſs of Soul, that is made uſe of to hide Reaſons which are more powerful. How deplorable there-fore is our Condition! who are made to enjoy Life, which is ſo little worthy of our Concern, and relinquiſh real Pleaſures to run after chimerical Ideas? What Good can, in Effect, be more ima-ginary, than that Tranquility of Soul, which refuſes to hearken to the moſt agreeable Paſſions? ARI-STIPPUS, Chief of one of the principal Sects of *Greece*, ſaid with a great deal of Art, *That we ought to regulate our Life by our Sen-ſes, and not by our Thoughts.* Our Thoughts ſtrike us: What we

feel by our Senſes we are intereſted in; and what Warmth therefore, ought we not to have, for Things in which we are nearly intereſted and concerned?

I OFTEN imagine with Pleaſure, that high Poſts and Honours were not invented, but to be Remedies at hand to divert Uneaſineſs of Mind. Given up wholly to his own Reflections, Man would be ſenſible of the utmoſt Extent of his own Weakneſs: But I ſhall ſay ſomewhat more, he could not agree with himſelf; Dignities, Preferments, Titles of Nobility, are always called in to his Relief: In a Word, even thoſe imaginary Diſtinctions, which ſometimes, nay frequently, impoſe upon Men of the ſtrongeſt

strongest Souls. I must needs observe, that Reason has often murmured at it, but to very little or no Purpose. After all, a great many would cruelly suffer, should they but lose sight of the Bulk of that pompous Retinue and Equipage that surround them. Weak Amusements, but such as our Vanity makes necessary! By Consequence we ought not to use them but with the greatest Caution, and only to have a Part in the Comedy which is acted in the World: It belongs to none but great Wits, to be meer Spectators of it; because they only are able to judge of it with a solid Discernment.

Throughly

Throughly touched with the Pleaſure of knowing our ſelves, every one ought to proportion the Value he is to put upon high Poſts and Honours, to the Extent of his Genius; a certain Rule, and which indeed comprehends almoſt all the Science of the World. The leſs our Strength of Spirit is, the more we ought to avoid engaging our ſelves in publick Affairs: It is an infallible Way, agreeably to enter into the Commerce of Life: Nature, I believe, is willing, thereby, to make an indifferent Genius amends. The Part that is played by Wit, ſeems to be compoſed of all that is wanting, to that which is played by Fortune; at the ſame Time

 one

one always ſtands in need of the Aſſiſtance of the other; and ſuch like Wants do ordinarily form the ſweeteſt Ligaments of Society.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Whether Men of Wit are more subject to be uneasy in the World than Fools?

THE essential Character of good Breeding consists in an Exactness of *Taste*, which extends so far, as to be nice even to a Scruple. Things rude and gross offend, and a rustical Air affrights us. How unhappy is our Condition! We do not become refined, but to be more

more difficult in the Choice of our Pleasures, and in the Manner of using them. *Mademoiselle de* SCUDERY said with a becoming Grace, not to be expressed, that *Nature had been too liberal to her.* She was sensible, that a lively Discernment deprived her of a thousand Satisfactions, which amuse the greatest Part of Mankind. The Remark is, in my Opinion, very judicious, although it is due only to Self-love. There are certain Effusions of Heart, where Nature, simple and genuine, borrows, as it were, the Outside of Vanity; or rather, where Vanity becomes one of the principal Characters of Nature.

IT is certain, that the delicate Taste

Taſte I have been ſpeaking of, prevents a Man from being tired with himſelf; but it has not an equal Force, to render amiable the Converſation of thoſe Perſons with whom he is obliged to live. The leaſt Trifles employ Perſons of an ordinary Capacity. Incapable of purſuing laudable Views, they cannot riſe to any Thing of Importance, nor pleaſe themſelves with ſpeculative Follies; the firſt Sight of any Object, both ſtrikes and amuſes them; to them nothing appears dull; nothing can chill them; they find a Diverſion in Things of the leaſt Elevation, or Ingenuity; and have an equal Satisfaction in reading either the Comedies of PLAUTUS or TERENCE. They know no Difference between that

Salt

Salt which strikes the Taste of Polite Breeding, and those gross Buffoonries which are the Entertainment of the Mob. Spirits of this Make are never *uneasy*, they have not even Sense enough to comprehend how any one can be *so*: The most insipid Characters please them: An elegant Entertainment, and one where the Dishes are huddled together without Order or Decorum, are to them alike.

As for those who think, and think judiciously, they cannot divest themselves of I don't know what kind of external Appearance, which makes them often thought to be *uneasy*; not that they disdain polite Mirth, or that their Character disposes them to appear alway

with

with a *formal Look*; on the contrary, they love thoſe ſelect Societies of pleaſant Companions, where Reaſon ſeems to forget its natural Severity, and permits Joy to ſit ſmiling on their Brow; but theſe Aſſemblies muſt be ſummoned by the GRACES, and no Perſon permitted to enter, but thoſe to whom they ſhall ſend a *Ticket*. This is what HORACE recommends in a fine Manner, in ſpeaking of thoſe pleaſurable Meetings, where SCIPIO and LÆLIUS, two of the moſt illuſtrious Men among the *Romans*, were ſure of the Friendſhip of TERENCE; *there are Places*, adds the Satiriſt, *where Folly is more ſuitable than Wiſdom.*

We

We ought not therefore to be too critical upon the Flights of a lively Imagination, nor always to require ſtrict Reaſons for our Merriment. Such a rigid Behaviour is not agreeable to the Liberty and Profuſion of Joy; nor, on the other hand, ſhould we be too prodigal of our Gaiety, and expoſe it to all Sorts of Perſons; we rarely meet with ſuch as deſerve to have it ſacrificed to them. I remember to have read among many ſingular Inſtances, a Paſſage relating to the Counteſs of Suze, wherein it is recorded, that *that* Lady *always appeared very grave in a* with-drawing-Room *at* Court, *but when ſhe was in her own private Apartments, her Mirth knew*

no Bounds! ſhe uſed to ſay, *That her Friends, only, could excite her Joy, and give her that Air of modeſt Aſſurance which renders Converſation agreeable.* We enliven our ſelves moſt effectually, when we do it with a regular Precaution.

THOSE Perſons, one may ſay, who are open to all the World, generally want Diſcretion: A Coquet without Art, and who receives with the ſame welcome the Applications of all People who are round about her, comes very ſhort of the Attractives of a prudent Woman, who knows how to chuſe her Company. Thoſe Perſons who have a truly fine Taſte, are like the latter; we never ſee them

them abandon themselves to all Kinds of Pleasures; those only who act so, as to be agreeable to the Heart, are taking with them.

It is certain a Man must suffer much in the World, whose Understanding is forc'd to be improved by all the Art which the most exquisite Philosophy can inspire: People that never think, and reason in a ridiculous manner; those who let their Life run out in vain Desires, and consume it in idle Projects; those who value nothing but the uncertain Favours of Fortune; in a Word, those who always outrun Truth, are Wretches so common, that they destroy the very Harmony

of

of Society: For what Satisfaction can that Converſation afford, which is too unequal, or too rough? It is very unhappy, it is daily expoſed to the Contempt of thoſe who join a lively Gaiety to a diverting Study: Can any thing be a greater Puniſhment to ſuch, than to be among Perſons, who every Moment fall into Miſtakes and Errors, and whoſe Imagination is filled with cold, ſenſeleſs Thoughts, and chimerical Views? A fine muſical Ear is not more grated by the falſe Concords of a whimſical and ill compoſed Concert.

THE Converſation in Life, to be rendered agreeable, ought to be ſupported both by that compliable

pliable merry Temper which poliſhes Behaviour, and that ingenious Art which enlivens the dulleſt Company: Without theſe Succours, Indolence will invade it, and draw after it Dryneſs and Ruſticity. *Monſieur* VOITURE complains, with that pleaſant Air which ſeaſons ſome of his Letters, *That there was a Scarcity of Wit in the Place where he reſided, and that the young Ladies there were too fooliſh, to be attacked by ſuch a Man as he.* For ought I know, the leaſt Coquets fear the good Opinion that Men of Wit have of the Addreſſes they beſtow on them, for they rarely declare themſelves in their Favour; there is ſome Appearance of Reaſon in this Pro-

ceeding, an Acknowledgment purchaſed ſeems to be a Due.

I SAY nothing of that ſullen and auſtere Vanity which detains certain melancholy Students from the moſt witty Converſation: It is better to renounce the Gifts of Nature, than to pay for them by a perpetual Solitude. I ſhould have been much of the Humour of the *Abderites*, who ſeeing the Philoſopher DEMOCRITUS always alone, and abandoned to profound Reflections, ſent for that celebrated Phyſician HIPPOCRATES, to cure him of that Kind of Folly, which rendered him uſeleſs to Society. HIPPOCRATES knew him, and gave him his juſt Character; but thoſe who came near him, could never

approve

approve of that proud and disdainful Silence he affected. Ought *Melancholy* to be an Appendix to *Reason* and *Wisdom?*

CHAP. III.

Of the Precautions we ought to take, not to be tired and uneaſy with our ſelves.

NOTHING perhaps can be more uſeful to Man, than that delicate Knowledge which enables him to find agreeable Preſervatives in himſelf, againſt *Sadneſs* and *Chagrin*; it is not altogether a natural Talent, Art muſt interpoſe to compleat it: Can Study be bet-

ter

ter employed? In order to which, every one ſhould furniſh himſelf with a ſufficient Stock of lively and copious Ideas of his own, to be ſerviceable in Occaſions, where foreign and borrowed ones are wanting, without which he will diſcover infallible Signs of a low Bank; and ſhould the Air of a Pilgrim pleaſe us ſo much, as to loſe that which is natural?

The Mind has its Wants, and theſe Wants perhaps are as extenſive as thoſe of the Body; it requires that we govern it with Care, that we refine and render it more exact, more juſt and ſolid; its Temperature thereby becomes more firm and robuſt; but its Diſtempers are difficult to be cured.

The principal of which is an unaccountable Heavineſs and ſinking of the Spirits that plunges Man into diſconſolate Sadneſs; he then ſeeks, and cannot find, nor know himſelf; if Vanity lends him a bold and hardy Face, the ſecret Diſcontent he has within him becomes but the worſe for it.

We find but few Examples of this intrepid Reſolution: Man is fearful of conſtraining himſelf, when he has no Proſpect of any ſhining Advantage to make him amends for his Pains: On the contrary, it is a very common Thing to meet with thoſe who will frankly confeſs that they are *tired*, and *uneaſy* with *themſelves*. The Moments they paſs when alone, ſeem to be

Ages;

Ages; obliged to be always abroad, they cannot enjoy either their own Thoughts, or their own Hearts; they may be compared to *jaundiced* People, who dare not look in a Glass, or any Thing that is transparent, for fear of being shock'd at their own Resemblance. Is there any Condition more sad than that, wherein a Man finds *himself* to be ill Company?

PLEASURES cannot always attend us, and the more we enjoy them, the more their Vivacity diminishes. Our Friends sometimes fail us. The least Change in Fortune causes a thousand Alterations in the Sentiments. He that is most fertile in agreeable Inventions, may sufficiently vary his Ap-

petite for Pleaſures, but can never ſatisfy it: From thence ariſes a perpetual Inquietude, the certain Torment of the Mind. How much then is a Man to be pitied, when he cannot be eaſy with himſelf! I have obſerved, that thoſe who love immoderate Pleaſures, fall into the moſt deadly Chagrin, whenever they are alone: They are incapable either to pleaſe or divert themſelves, they pay by cruel Conſequences, for the fine and exquiſite Senſations they had, either at a Concert of Muſick, or at a ſplendid Table; it may be ſaid, that Nature repented of having been ſo indulgent to them: She has, on the contrary, the greateſt Regard and Vigilance over thoſe intellectual Debauchées, who try to ſolace

and

and give a Looſe to their Reaſon; divided betwixt Pleaſures and ſtudious Reflections, they know the Art of happily blending the one with the other; the Mind often courts the Friendſhip of the Body.

Ovid, who was a great Maſter in the Art of living delicately, has ſaid more than once, that the moſt engaging Moments of Life, ſeemed to him, to be thoſe wherein he reflected upon paſt Pleaſures; then it is, that the Mind puts on various Shapes, frequently changes its Poſtures, and becomes a true Proteus; Intent upon the Examination of an Object which had been pleaſureable, ſhe reviews every Circumſtance that attended it, and recollects a thouſand diverting Inci-

dents, whoſe happy Aſſiſtance ſhe invoked, and which a too eager Enjoyment in the Poſſeſſion, then hindered her from taking Notice of; I wiſh this Maxim may not be underſtood of all the World.

We ſee from hence, how we ought to prize thoſe Moments we enjoy when alone; there is no Perſon ſo deſtitute, but that he may lay up in his Mind a Fund of delicious Thoughts, which he can make uſe of with Art: Such an amiable Proviſion is the moſt neceſſary of all thoſe that Youth offers to Man. Pleaſures are not only of preſent Advantage; they are agreeable Seeds that the Heart receives, and which it diſcloſes again as Occaſion requires. The

Conduct

Conduct of MARESCHAL DE BASSOMPIERRE will in some Measure illustrate what I have advanced; this great Man being put under an Arrest by the King's Command, and sent to the *Bastile*; he there undertook to write the History of his own Life, and in a very remarkable Manner set down, by Way of Diary, whatever had befallen him; and his Memory, as I have been well assured, was not a Mask borrowed by his Vanity. *Prosperity*, and *Adversity*, those very different Conditions of human Life, have, each of them, when overpast, their respective Charms.

I BELIEVE that even those Dangers we have happily run thro', inspire the Soul with a particular

Kind of Bravery, which no Body has yet explained; it is altogether different from that which clouds the Mind, and deprives it of the Knowledge of Danger. VIRGIL ſaid with a great deal of Refinement; *Our Misfortunes ought to be precious to us, we cannot reflect upon them but with Pleaſure.*

THIS I ſhall farther obſerve, to what I have ſaid already. There is no rational Man who is not obliged ſometimes to turn his Thoughts to inward Reflection; ſenſible of all his Wants, Nature has impoſed this Law upon him, and it is the more valuable, becauſe Reaſon highly confirms it. Juſt Reflection ſharpens our Wit, refines our Judgment, and gives that Check to all

our

our Passions, which is necessary to hinder them from running into criminal Excess. In short, the Objects that surround us, strike us with more Vivacity, when we have sometimes taken Care to remove them out of our Sight, without which we become too familiar with Pleasures, and Habit diminishes their Value and Effect. Frequent Reviews of our selves renew, if I may so say, our Faculties both of Taste and Discernment; in the mean Time we are in dread, least *Ignorance* or *Vanity* should render those Reviews bitter; these being the two fatal Rocks, on which Mankind are generally Ship-wracked.

The Power of *Vanity* is very exten-

extenſive: She is a Coquet, who acts without Care or Caution, ſhe hinders us from knowing our ſelves, the lighteſt Idea of human Frailty ruffles and diſcompoſes us; from whence *Ignorance* proceeds: I am not ſurprized, that it has been always charming to Men, conſidering how many prevalent Reaſons ſeem to favour it; Indolence of Spirit, the Example of Perſons diſtinguiſhed either by Birth or Employment, the Weakneſs of the Motives which oppoſe it, and above all, the Contempt that Learning ſeems to be fallen into; how difficult are theſe Obſtacles to be overcome? At the ſame Time, nothing but Diſcretion can triumph over the moſt tireſome and preſſing Uneaſineſs, and nothing is more glori-

glorious to it than the Pleasure we feel, and that often against our Will, in the most difficult and bewildering Researches. *Truth*, tho' beset with Thorns, is nevertheless grateful and welcome.

He never wants Company, that is a Lover of the *Sciences*: We must freely own that they attend us every where, according to the Observation of Cicero, in his Oration for the Poet Archias. *They are with us in the City, they are with us in the Country, their Conversation has nothing in it that is hard or forced, and sweet Compliance seems to be their Character.* Can a Friend of theirs, that is but the least sensible of his own Advantage, desire any greater Fidelity?

Chap. IV.

Of Places where we may be weary and uneasy.

TO me, Man seems to make it his chief Business, to prepossess others with the same good Opinion he has of himself. This is the Aim of the greatest *Passions*, and the Origin of the Troubles which they excite: *Vanity* animates us in so tempting a Manner, that we are dazled by it.

The

The Air of Assurance which it spreads over all our Actions, makes us ardently desire the Publick would look on us in the same Point of Light; and sometimes we flatter our selves enough to believe it: The most active and pressing Movements of an ambitious Heart, tend wholly to place him well in the Esteem of the World: *Self-love* lays before him the most easy Methods to succeed: No Artifice, no Subtilty, is out of his Reach. I may venture to say it, those secret Ties which unite Men of certain Characters, have no other Foundation but a Harmony of Temper, and an imperceptible Aptness to receive the same Impressions; by Consequence, the *Philosopher* who is always taken up with

with dry and thorny Speculations, muſt be reſtleſs and uneaſy at *Court*; and the *Courtier* full of his own Pride and chimerical Notions, flies the Schools, where all the Gravity of auſtere Philoſophy preſides. There are in Life happy Situations and Entertainments for every Genius, and true Conduct and Wiſdom conſiſt in chuſing the beſt.

EVERY Perſon is not qualified to go through the ſame Studies, neither can they draw from them an equal Advantage; thoſe who have a clear and ſolid Underſtanding, familiarize themſelves to the Thorns of *Geometry* or *Metaphyſicks*; thoſe who conceive Things finely, draw lively and pleaſing Ideas out of a florid Imagination. Grave Auſte-

Austerity becomes the one, the genteel Air distinguishes the other: The same may be said of the different Places we find our selves in, and this Remark is worthy of singular Observation; *Nature* is never more beautiful than in the Bounds which she prescribes to her self.

THE Dispositions of the Mind ought to be prudently managed: The *Court* requires the utmost Address and Refinement; we shine more in the *City*, by being willing to shine less; an ingenious Complaisance, and knowing how to time a Panegyrick rightly, procures a free Access into the Palace of Princes. An unaccountable pedantick Air, supported by hard, out of the

way

way Words, and a Recital of incredible Stories, is more pleaſing to a Country Taſte, than a natural Gaiety. They eſteem nothing but downright Bombaſt; a free and eaſy Converſation has nothing to do among them; Perſons of Diſcernment, inſtantly perceive the troubleſome Uneaſineſs, that theſe different Tempers create: The Eye is often deceived in them.

THE Cuſtom of the World will not allow us to affect obſcure and profound Learning, in Places where the Imagination is to diſplay it ſelf in witty Sallies. *Greece* would have much leſs admired the ſprightly Gaiety of ANACREON, if Study had clogged his libertine Syſtem of Pleaſure. We are frequently

quently put under greater Constraint to acquir our selves of what we owe to Decency and good Breeding, than of what we are indebted to Reason. Jealous of their Power Men are not willing that the Rules they have establisht should be slighted; accordingly therefore, they judge only by Appearances. The illustrious SALMASIUS, one of the most judicious Criticks of the last Age, was, says Dr. PATIN in his *Letters*, fully convinced that he should make but an aukward Figure at the *Court* of *France*, and for that Reason only, refused the tempting Offers that were made him by *Cardinal* RICHELIEU. Accustomed to the mute Conversation of his Books, and the Dryness of a learned Closet, he was

sen-

ſenſible of his Deficiency in that Politeneſs which conſiſts more in outward Addreſs, than Sincerity and Affection; the Air of Liberty which he breathed in *Holland* pleaſed him much better. It is certain that thoſe who are touched with what is ſublime in the Sciences, look upon the ſo much-applauded Art of *doing every Thing with a Grace, as a meer ſuperficial Occupation.* Nevertheleſs, without the Study of thoſe little Regularities which have Reſpect to external Behaviour, we ſhall be always *uneaſy* in the World: It makes us love, both that Friendſhip, in which the Heart ſeems to have ſome Share, and that Converſation, where the principal Buſineſs is to promote inocent Mirth.

* *Mon-*

Monsieur de St. EVREMOND, after a long Exile having obtained Permission, and being solicited to return to *France* again, durst not undertake the Journey. *What Rank,* said he very agreeably, *shall I hold in a Court, of whose Manners I am* now *ignorant? Accustomed to the Air of my Face and Manner of Life, the* English *are willing to bear with me. Can I hope for the like Indulgence from young* Frenchmen, *who hate every Thing that gives them but the least Idea of the old Court?* Under this Reply was couched a fine Delicacy of Taste. A Man ought indeed to shun all Companies, wherein he is only admitted with the cold Formality used to Strangers:

gers: I know no Maxim in the Science of a Gentleman of greater Extent.

We may believe, (and not without Reaſon) that there can be no *Retirement* ſo loneſome and uncultivated but Men of Wit will find a thouſand Things to entertain them agreeably. *Solitude* ſometimes frights, but never fatigues them. Jerom Magius, a famous Engineer to the *Republick* of *Venice*, when he was taken by the *Turks*, reſolved not to be ſad: But in ſpite of the Horrors of a cruel Priſon, he there compoſed two excellent * Tracts, wherein we may

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* One *de Equuleo*, of *Horſes*, the other *de Tintinnabulis*, of *Bells*.

find

find all the Elegance and Accuracy of a Mind wholly at *Ease*. I have the greatest Esteem for those *Illustrious Unfortunates*, who lose nothing of their natural Gaiety, either in a long Exile, or the Durance of Imprisonment. Superior to their Misfortunes, they know how to disburthen themselves of all that appears terrible under such Afflictions. The ingenious Complaints of *Count* BUSSI RABUTIN, discover less *Concern* for the Disasters which befel him, than they shew a superior *Courage* to bear them.

CHAP. V.

Of the Exile of OVID.

WE need not in the leaſt Queſtion, but that the whole *Court* of AUGUSTUS was concerned for the Baniſhment of OVID; even the Emperor himſelf ought to have been ſorry for it, although he thought himſelf obliged to puniſh him: His fine Taſte and good Senſe bring me into this Opinion. One cannot, without Pain, perſecute true Merit;

Merit; and the Hand that is lifted up againſt it, often refuſes to ſtrike the Blow. OVID had a merry Vein of Wit, a fertile Invention for the Conception of new Images, and always expreſſed them in a gay Manner; ever full of polite Views, he had the *Art* of *ſetting off* the dryeſt Topicks, and ſometimes perhaps *embelliſhed* them a little too much. His Imagination drew after the Life, and was always new; by *Study*, which ordinarily ſpoils the beſt natural Temper, he acquired that ingenuous Elegance which paſſes from the Mind to the Manners. I find Learning uſeleſs, and even hateful, when it does not qualify us for Converſation, and the mutual Offices of ſocial Life.

THE Works of OVID are full of the tender Charms of Love; they want, indeed, that Fire which rouſes the greater Paſſions; but there is an inexpreſſible Sweetneſs in them, which is pleaſing to all the World: A ſmooth and delicate Uniformity, which gains upon attentive *Readers*, and obliges them to compaſſionate the Sufferings of the *Author*, who ſo agreeably diverts them.

WE are ignorant of the true Reaſon of OVID's Diſgrace: Some pretend it was a too open Engagement with the Daughter of AUGUSTUS, which ruined him; others aſcribe the Cauſe of it to ſome wanton Verſes, in his *Art of Love*.

But whatever it was; it is certain that Piece is one of the most beautiful Productions of the Antients; and never was the Subject of *Gallantry* handled with more Method; *Love* it self seems to have lent him all its Eloquence: Yet notwithstanding so many happy Talents, he was obliged to quit *Rome*, and to hide himself in a barbarous Country. The Description he gives of his Departure is so moving, that one has some Pleasure in seeing him miserable: In the third *Elegy* of his TRISTIA, he thus complains, * *I cannot with-*

* Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago,
Quæ mihi supremum tempus in Urbe fuit;
Cùm repeto noctem, quâ tot mihi cara reliqui,
Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis.

Jam

out Tears, recal that cruel Night in which I was obliged to quit Rome, *and every thing that was moſt dear to me in the World; a rigorous Order compelled me; not being Maſter of my Reaſon, I could hardly reſolve to go. What do I ſay? I was entirely like a Man newly Thunder-ſtruck, who*

Jam propè lux aderat, quâ me diſcedere *Cæſar*
Finibus extremæ juſſerat *Auſoniæ.*
Nec mens, nec ſpatium, fuerant ſatis apta paranti:
Torpuerant longâ pectora noſtra morâ.
Non mihi ſervorum, comitis non cura legendi;
Non aptæ profugo veſtis opiſve fuit.
Non aliter ſtupui, quàm qui *Jovis* ignibus ictus
Vivit; & eſt vitæ neſcius ipſe ſuæ.
Ut tamen hanc animo nubem dolor ipſe removit,
Et tandem ſenſus convaluere mei;
Alloquor extremum mœſtos abiturus amicos,
Qui modò de multis unus & alter erant.
Uxor amens flentem flens acriùs ipſa tenebat,
Imbre per indignas uſque cadente genas.
Nata procul *Libycis* aberat diverſa ſub oris;
Nec poterat fati certior eſſe mei.

knows

knows not whether he is alive or dead. When Reason had pacified my first Surprize, I found my self in the Arms of a dying Spouse, and she pressed me tenderly. The Tears of my Friends redoubled my Despair; and I had the Sorrow to behold but two or three who were concerned for my Fate. The Preparatives and Fore-runners either of *Pain* or *Pleasure*, seem to me to be what is most *bitter*, or most *charming* in human Life.

OVID died in his Exile, unable to mitigate the Inclemency of AUGUSTUS. His only Employment in the most savage Country of the World, *Scythia*, was to lament his Misfortunes, and to make his Friends sensible of them. Total-

ly deprived of Converſation, he gave himſelf up to the *Muſes*, and they diverted his Melancholy: A *Sorrow* which expreſſes it ſelf with ſo much *Art*, as OVID expreſſes *that* which he underwent, in my Opinion, ſeems too delicate wholly to cruſh a fine Wit. Nay, I know not, but it may contribure to render Life leſs *uneaſy*. The Heart will be employed, tho' diſagreeably; it fears above all Things to languiſh in that dull and ſhameful *Idleneſs*, which *Self-love* looks upon as its moſt *cruel Rival*.

CHAP. VI.

Reflections on such Things as may render SOLITUDE *argreeable.*

THERE are peculiar happy Moments for retiring from the Bustle of the World: A severe, but useless, *Repentance* torments those who know not how to make a right Use of it. *Reason* is oftentimes too licentious to hearken to itself: The

Declenſion of a ſhining Reputation, the Neceſſity of procuring new Friends, the Fear of approaching Diſgrace, and above all, the overgrown Favours of Fortune, point out to us the propereſt Time to ſeek an honourable Retreat. Then it is we retire from the World in its utmoſt Splendor; ſome few Hours after we begin to be *uneaſy*. Senſible to nothing but what *ſtrikes* them, *Men* would not therefore have the ſame *Actors*, and the ſame *Scenes* always before their Eyes: *Plain Novelty*, though leſs entertaining, pleaſes them more than *ſhining Uniformity*; ſuch is the Temper of Mankind.

XERXES, ſo well known by the formi-

formidable Army he led into *Greece*, lived in the midst of a *Court*, where the most consummate and licentious Luxury left nothing to be desired. Nevertheless, not being satisfied with his Condition, he promised very great Rewards to those who should invent new Pleasures; and those who discovered that *Art*, had the surest Means of recommending themselves to his Favour.

The same Capacity which sustains a great part, ought seasonably to renounce it. Enlightned by wise and useful Reflections, it consults its own Interests, less than those of others. Men who are fond of being admired, would oftentimes be excused from the Pain

of fearing. CICERO, in his *Oration* for MARCELLUS, by repreſenting to CÆSAR, *that he ought to live for himſelf*, thought to praiſe him in a delicate Manner. *All the World*, ſays he to him, *has admired the Regularity of your Deſigns, and the Rapidity of your Conqueſts: Sure of your Reputation, make it your whole Concern to enjoy* YOUR SELF. Such wiſe Councils do never ſtartle *Self-love*; it often hides it ſelf, to appear with the more Vivacity.

Familiarly accuſtomed to thoſe deluding Ideas, which the World offers, we deſpiſe a calm *Retirement*; nevertheleſs it has its Charms, which make the Tumult of Affairs the more agreeably forgotten. *Lei-*

ſure

sure, void of *Care*, oppoſes thoſe Paſſions which are too impetuous and violent; but admits thoſe which are ſoft and moving. That which is moſt fine and exquiſite in the *Sentiments*, ſeems to be made for it. *Monſieur* DE FONTENELLE in praiſing the *Paſtoral Life*, acknowledges it to be exempt from thoſe Perturbations which ſeek Shew and Splendor, more than real Pleaſure. Born in the midſt of Plenty, Shepherds, *then*, had no other Employments, but what were wholly the Production of ingenious Idleneſs. Nature, ever ſmiling, and which ſought not to fruſtrate their Views, preſſed them to the true Enjoyment of Life. A thouſand amorous Nothings, light and gentle Sporting,

Trifles

Trifles which would eſcape other Eyes, took up theirs. In a Word, the charming *Tranquility* we enjoy in the Country, ſeems to have given birth to *Gallantry*. If I may ſo ſay, this Tranquility reſembles a Beauty, whoſe *Deſhabilé* and negligent Habit is more graceful, than a ſtudied and formal Finery. *Art* frequently *ſpoils*, what *Nature* took Care to *embelliſh*.

THE *Mind* is racked, when it ſtrives to diſcharge all the Duties of Civil Life. A ſecret Fear reſtrains; a Deſire to pleaſe diſturbs it continually; but it finds in *Retirement*, that ſweet *Liberty* on which its Strength and Delicacy wholly depend. There it is, that the *Paſſions* loſe all they inſpire that is

too

too audacious, and where the *Heart* borrows nothing of *Art*; its Sentiments are *lively*, without being *bold*, and *agreeable*, without being *careless*: And above all Things *Fraud* and *Dissimulation* dare not corrupt them. VIRGIL, in his *Georgicks*, constantly made Use of these Touches, to adorn the elegant Description he has given us of the *Pastoral Life* *. It is

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* Happy the Man, who, studying Nature's Laws,
Through known Effects can trace the secret Cause.
His Mind possessing in a quiet State,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.
Nor envies he the Rich their happy Store,
Nor his own Peace disturbs, with Pity for the Poor.
He feeds on Fruits which of their own accord,
The willing Ground, and laden Trees afford.

is this, which properly belongs to the MUSES, and which ſoftens the Auſterity of their Wiſdom. *Coquets*, with that *Prudence* which renders *Coquetry amiable*, hate thoſe Places which are too much frequented.

I AM apt to perſuade my ſelf the moſt delicious State is that which is fartheſt removed from the Diſtractions of the World; we eſcape a great many Anxieties and Vexa-

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His Cares are *eas'd* with Intervals of Bliſs;
His little Children climbing for a Kiſs
Welcome their Father's late return at Night;
His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaſte Delight.
Such was the Life the frugal *Sabines* led,
So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred:
From whom th'auſtere *Etrurian* Virtue roſe,
And this rude Life our homely Fathers choſe.

Dryden's Virg. *Geor.* B. 2^d.

tions, which are the constant Attendants on *Publick Life.* There is sometimes a Greatness of Soul in flying from Danger: The less a Man corresponds with the glittering Objects which surround him, the farther he is removed from Constraint and *Uneasiness*; and the more solid is his Happiness. We should not be pleased with reading *Romances*, and *Pastoral Poems*, did we not find in them the diverting Images of a rural Life. Calculated for the most agreeable Inclinations, those Writers represent a delicious Repose, preferable to all the Grandeur Ambition can inspire.

It is the *Pride* of *Man* that renders him unhappy, restless, hot, greedy,

greedy of new Knowledge, he diſquiets himſelf, and runs precipitately into Error; whereas, he ſhould contentedly enjoy the Advantages which *Nature* offers him, liberal to none, but thoſe who will not pry too far into *her* Secrets. EPICURUS is perhaps the firſt Author of this judicious Reflection; at leaſt he has been very much applauded for it, by thoſe Philoſophers who have declared themſelves in Favour of his Morality. HORACE ſets it off in a charming Manner: Certainly no Body was fitter to do that, than he, born with all the Advantages, which form a wiſe Libertine; he was the Ornament of the *Court* of AUGUSTUS; but being a Friend to *Independency*, he excuſed himſelf to the Emperor,

peror, when he offered to make him *Secretary of State.* The higheſt Fortune cannot afford ſo tempting a Repoſe, as we find in a *Literatum Otium.*

I MUST obſerve here, that in Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's *Miſcellanies*, we find a very curious *Eſſay* on *Retirement.* This polite *Engliſh* Gentleman had been employed in the moſt important Negociations, and with great Succeſs: He had likewiſe ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed himſelf to enjoy his own Merit; but when an unexpected *Revolution* ſeemed to call him to the higheſt Poſts, he retired from *Court*, to give himſelf wholly up to Study. *Nothing is more agreeable*, ſays he, (in his *Eſſay* abovementioned)

than

than the undiſturbed Tranquility of a PHILOSOPHER *who ſtudies* HIMSELF; *he is not a Slave to Ambition, nor publick Employments: He is wholly taken up with a Deſire to be wiſe and happy. Maſter of* HIMSELF, *he is exempt from that crowd of* PASSIONS, *which diſpute with each other the ſad Pleaſure of tearing him to Pieces. His Prudence examines every Thing, but is not troubleſome.* Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE ſpeaks of a *private Life*, as one who made Choice of it by Judgment, and not by Affectation; he was fatigued with an illuſtrious Toil. Nature beſtows on us but very few real Favours, and of this Truth we are thoroughly convinced; but by I know not what

Kind

Kind of *Fatality*, we are the Deſtroyers of our own Happineſs, by placing our Affections on things vain and trifling, altogether unworthy of, and unſatisfactory to, a noble Mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Preference which great Cities *deserve, above those* Places *which are less frequented.*

THE most *shameful Passions* determine the Fortune and Fate of Mankind: An *insatiable Avarice* frequently leads them into those barbarous Climates, where Nature is almost unknown. *Ambition* that wastes

waſtes it ſelf in chimerical Projects, ſeparates them from the Sweets of a private Life, and plunges them into a thouſand Diſcontents. Always a Prey to fooliſh Illuſions, they can reach no Sanctuary, but to be driven out of it again by new Cares. Deceitful *Hope* amuſes, and ſeduces their Credulity; if I may ſo ſay, it is like the fugitive Waters, which provoked the Thirſt of the miſerable TANTALUS, and did not provoke, but to betray.

THE Proſpect of a troubled Ocean, which yields to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, is almoſt the Image of human Life. This Compariſon has been finely illuſtrated by that celebrated *Flemiſh*

Poet S. Hosschius, a Jeſuit of *Antwerp*, who among all the Moderns, has beſt imitated Tibullus and Propertius. Every Man propoſes to himſelf a fortunate Period, which he calls the Aim and End of his Labours; it is thereto he limits his Wiſhes, ſometimes uſeleſs, always haſty. But can we believe it? This Period withdraws itſelf from him, the nearer he ſeems to make his Approaches towards it; falſe Appearances ſtop it for ſome Time: At length the Cloud breaks, the Juno diſſolves, and his covetous Deſire is thereby but the more inflamed. How much do I lament the miſerable Eſtate of Man! He would aim at a quiet Repoſe, and yet lets his whole Life paſs in running to and fro,

fro. Bloody Lawrels! uncertain Honours! chimerical Reputation! to you we sacrifice our Cares: What do I say? nay, our Pleasures, and our Sentiments. The hoary Head that is already nodding over the Brink of the Grave, abandons himself to the same Inquietudes, as the most heedless Youth in this degenerate Age, who, by their Impetuosity, become the sad Sport of the most violent Passions.

Tho' we are rational Creatures, yet Reason is what we consult the least. I may accost all Men, as an *Egyptian Priest* did a certain Nation, celebrated more for their Wit than their Judgment. *O* Grecians, Grecians, *you will be always Children, and never enough*

reſpect that Prudence whoſe Age is ſo venerable! We do not in Reality grow wiſe in the World, by the Follies of thoſe, who went before us. We ſometimes blame them, and at other times, we imitate them. *The Follies of Fore-Fathers*, ſays the judicious *Monſieur* FONTENELLE, *are loſt to their Children:* Be that as it will, Wiſdom will not allow us to forſake great Cities, for fear of meeting with more Fops and ridiculous Coxcombs there, than in thoſe which are leſs frequented. Such a Whim can ſuit no Body, but MOLIERE's *Man-Hater* *. There is a certain Quantity of Extravagan-

* *Le* MISANTHROPE. *Comedie.*

cies

cies spread among Men; their Boldness, in some Places, repairs the Number of them.

We are all born for *Society*; sensible of its Pleasures, we ought to be regularly accountable to it, for all our Actions, nay, sometimes for our very Thoughts. The Failings which are inseparable from our Conduct, contract the Ties of it. With too much *Perfection*, the Pride of Man would be intolerable; and who would submit to a Yoke, which, every one believes, he ought to impose? However that be, this Yoke is imperceptible in great Cities. The different Ranks of Men are there undistinguished; and this Kind of Disorder, offers an

Air of Liberty, hardly real, but lively and pleaſing.

THE very Reverſe is ſeen in leſſer Towns; Conſtraint, and a troubleſome Formality, baniſh all Freedom; and an aukward Behaviour deſtroys whatever is grateful in *Social Life*. BALZAC being obliged to live in a remote Part of *France*, complained of it in many of his *Letters*. Although he naturally loved State and Grandeur, he was ſenſible, that Society ſuffered very much by them. It is ſaid likewiſe, that his Converſation was eaſy and polite; happy had it been, could he have infuſed the ſame Vein into his *Letters*, which we are never pleaſed with reading a ſecond Time,

Time, after we have once perused them, to be informed of some particular Facts.

True Politeness is very different from *Country Breeding*; it is naturally free and unconfined. An over-starch'd Formality frights; and that mysterious Air, so destructive to pure and uncorrupt Nature, disgusts it. On the other hand, it rarely leaves capital Cities: I may safely say, that by a secret Charm they attract all the Merit which shines in the Country; they polish and give it that Degree of Perfection, which gains the Applause of Posterity. Many a Man of Wit has lamented his coming to them too late. LIVY could never free himself from an inexpressible kind

of Ruſticity, he had contracted at *Padua*: And the Works of CICERO, are ſaid to ſavour of a certain Debility, peculiar to the Place of his Birth. All theſe Faults are, at this Diſtance of Time, to us undiſcernable. A famous Philoſopher, and who had ſtudied the *Greek* Language not a little, was taken for a Stranger, by a Merchant of *Athens*. His Pronunciation was not exact. There are Niceties of Taſte, which are not to be acquired by Study. We ought to be well ſatisfied with our ſelves, when from our tender Infancy we have had the Advantage of Improvement, by the Neighbourhood of a Court, and the Converſation of Perſons of fine Breeding.

AT the ſame Time, we cannot accompliſh our ſelves in all capital Cities: *Monſieur de St.* EVREMOND allowed but Three, that were proper for a Man of Wit to fix in: Admired by the moſt indifferent Eyes, the Ruins of *Rome* recal its antient Splendor; a precious Liberty is enjoyed at *London*, and the *French* Civility renders *Paris* the moſt amiable Abode in the World. In other Kingdoms Pride or Barbarity triumphs. Flattered by hopes which deceived him, BUCHANAN betook himſelf to *Lisbon*: He was an excellent Poet, and a judicious Hiſtorian: Theſe Qualities were fatal to him, in a Country where Merit is expoſed to the Fury of a blind Zeal. He

reſolved to ſee *France* again, and happily returned to that Kingdom. We may ask Nature, why ſhe takes ſo much Care to make one Place more agreeable than another. Is this Injuſtice, or is it fantaſtical Humour?

It is certain, that thoſe who apply themſelves to the Sciences, ought to repair to capital Cities; there every Thing is to be enjoyed that can enliven Study; Publick Libraries, learned Conferences, and laſtly, Emulation: This is, if I may ſay it, the Soul of Refinement. The Works of *Monſieur* LE PAYS have been read with ſome Pleaſure, they have been admired even in the *Aſſemblées* of *Ladies*, and at the Clubs of Citi-

zens.

zens. This Author was neither defective in Art nor good Sense; but a narrow Fortune having thrown him upon the Mountains of *Languedoc* he acknowledges, in one of his *Letters*, that his *Prose* would have been more correct, and his *Verse* more elegant, if he had lived at *Paris*. The blind *God*, who presides over *Riches*, is seldom touched with the Sweetness of *Poetry*, or the Sublimity of *Eloquence*.

A PHILOSOPHER may, notwithstanding, chuse a remote and quiet *Retirement*. I owe this Concession to the Memory of the famous DESCARTES. Capable to shake off the Yoke of a superstitious Admiration, he adventured to outdo the

Ancients; and deſtined to produce new Ideas, taught Men the true *Art* of *Thinking*. This Period was the moſt illuſtrious of any, which ever had Regard to the Republick of Letters. DESCARTES retired into *Holland*, to give himſelf wholly up to his dear *Philoſophy*. A ſolitary Houſe hid him, for ſome Time, from the Acclamations of *Europe*; but he was at laſt known, and the illuſtrious CHRISTINA, *Queen* of *Sweden*, allured him to her Court: It is a Wrong done to the Publick, to withdraw from its Sight; for it ſeeks with as much Concern the *Philoſopher* who hides, as it ſhuns the *Poet*, who ſhews himſelf.

CHAP. VIII.

Whether studious Persons are subject to Uneasiness?

THE World is not yet cured of a *Prejudice* fatal to the *Sciences*. It hinders their Progress, and makes Idleness triumph; whose *Deshabilé* appears with more Charms, than the most magnificent *Dress*. A Yoke imposed by *Self-love*, becomes easy and light. *Reason*, notwithstanding its natural Pride, has often the

Complaiſance to ſubmit to it. It is generally imagined, that a Man who devotes his Life to Reading and Meditation does nothing; Ignorance condemns him; excited to it by every Thing that is moſt powerful, and preſſing in Example, it proceeds even ſo far as to make him believe that he is *dull* and *uneaſy*. Strange Preſumption, as unjuſt, as it is blind! The Deſire of Knowledge, how prevalent ſoever it be in Man, he has often been duped by Pride. Our Paſſions themſelves ſupplant one another; and yet we think, at the ſame Time, that we maſter them.

We refer every Thing in the World to the Progreſs of an imaginary Fortune. We extol thoſe who apply themſelves wholly to it,

and

and these Praises, which the Heart sometimes condemns in secret, make a deep Impression. *Self-love* will always hold its own. Is it really just, that we should treat the Desire of amassing Riches as a serious Occupation, and the Study of polishing the Mind as a chimerical Employment? A fantastical and ridiculous Preference, and which is established to the Disgrace of Mankind! Ought we to buy the Honour of being *rational?* Certainly nothing merits more Esteem, than the Efforts of an inlightned Spirit; the Ambition of *Scholars* has not been less happy than that of Heroes. Laborious, and exact, the *Philosopher* has often obliged Nature to come and give him an Account of her Works; bold

bold and commanding in his Expreſſions, the *Orator* tames rebellious Spirits; and delicate in his Thoughts, the *Poet* redoubles Pleaſures, in diſcovering new Manners of moving the Affections. Can we deſpiſe the Nobleneſs of theſe Occupations! It is Nature her ſelf who invites us to treat a delicate, ſtudious Leiſure honourably.

I DELIVER thoſe *Scholars* into the Hands of the moſt auſtere Criticks, who admire the Trifles of Antiquity; more ſolicitous to know what Men *have done*, than what they *ought to have done*. Let us blame all that has uſurped the Place of Truth; extravagant Sublimity, and uncertain Syſtems, either

ther of Physick, or History! Knowledge, false, or useless, is never excellent; but let us approve that Study, which renders Offices of Life and Society most delicious.

I HAVE Reason to make all these Reflections. Eyes more vigilant than discerning, have sometimes demanded of me an Account of my Leisure: An Ambition for Learning, and but little necessary to great Establishments, they objected to me as a Crime. I was sensible, that Vanity furnished them with such Language, and convinced them of it too; but they imagined by the by, that it looked like a greater Air of Vanity to disregard their Advice: They

were

were guided by Cuſtom, and a general Prejudice that ſtill diſdains the *Sciences*, notwithſtanding the Politeneſs to which they are arrived. I am ignorant of the Art of complying with them in this Point; and let the Publick judge, whether I ought to learn it to the Injury of my Underſtanding; it is dear to me, and perhaps I ſhould ſacrifice all to the Pleaſure of improving it.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The Fear of Uneasiness the Rise of Pleasures.

MEN did not willingly at first submit to one another; a chimerical Notion of *Independency* seduced their Vanity; it flatters them still, although it appears to be very far from their true Interest: Nothing but Necessity united them; less timorous than Reason, it acts imperiously

periouſly, and the ſame Day that ſees its Claims ariſe, is ſure to confirm them.

ARTS owe their Origin to the different Wants that Men had of them, and theſe Wants were multiplied in Proportion, as good Senſe got footing in the World: The more Men thought, the more they acted. A Competency, by creating Leiſure, refines *Wit*, the faithful Companion of Eaſe and Repoſe; it ſtudies nothing but to pleaſe itſelf: Such is the State of thoſe who are happy. They always *Think* in an agreeable Manner, and the moſt indifferent Things acquire new Graces, by paſſing through their *Imagination*.

THE first Age of the *Roman Republick* was remarkable for a singular Austerity of Manners. Barbarity was transformed into Love of the publick Good; and Actions the least natural, appeared to be most plausible. They had then no Idea of that true Greatness of Soul, which Reason inlightens, and which it conducts. Fury was a Virtue in Vogue; and the Hero who had triumphed over the Enemies of the State, did not blush to return to the Plough. But at length the Power of *Rome* got Ground: Delivered from those importunate Fears, to which its Weakness added great Weight, it began to bethink it self of being more Polite. Sentiments of Humanity,

manity, but inſpired by noble Courage, ſucceeded the former Ferocity. I make a ſhort Trip from hence to the Age of AUGUSTUS, ſo famous by the Elegance and Politeneſs which formed his Character: The Death of ANTONY, and the Defeat of young POMPEY, ſecured to him the Empire of the World. Having no more to conquer, he was apprehenſive of being uneaſy in the midſt of his Court; and that fear of his, happily ingenious, rendered it bright and magnificent. Poets, above all, were then well received: Their Flights agreeably flattered an Emperor, who knew the Art to be thoroughly touched by them.

NEVER

NEVER were more Diverſions ſeen at *Rome*; the People were impatient for them: Pleaſed with theſe charming Novelties, and which made them ſenſible of their Riches, they crowded to the publick *Rings* and the *Theaters*. A certain Number of Magiſtrates were the Comptrollers of them; and the more graceful they made thoſe Shews to the Spectators, the more they gained the Eſtimation of the Emperor. The Love of *Pleaſure* almoſt always follows the Fear of *Uneaſineſs*; and the higheſt Pitch of Grandeur to which a Nation can attain, is properly that, wherein it delights moreover in publick Games and Shews. Recent Examples may confirm what I ſay;

but I fear to give Inſtances. Things too near our own Age, pleaſe leſs than thoſe which are offered by Antiquity.

It is certain, Pleaſures were eſtabliſhed by Means of that ſweet and ingenious Leiſure, which a juſt Diſcernment prefers before the moſt ſhining Occupations. Study dares not characteriſe it; but heightens its principal Advantages: Such was the Leiſure of PETRONIUS. Inſtructed in the *Art* of *refined Thinking*, he divided himſelf between Pleaſures and Reflections; the former relieved his Application to Study, and exquiſite Study heightened his Taſte for the latter: This Mixture is worthy of ſingular Eſteem. PETRONIUS was the Comptroller

troller of the Games and Shews, where NERO came to be diverted. A prudent Libertine, he knew how to order a *Roman* Feast, so as to make it New every Moment. Nothing escaped him which could any Way contribute to expel Melancholy and *Uneasiness*. The PETRONIUS's are necessary in voluptuous Courts. They banish thence all that is rough and gross in a Debauch.

I SHALL make but few Reflections here on the Genius that is most proper for those Refinements, without Artifice, which Pleasures require. Scrupulous without Fear, and Nice without Affectation, it hearkens diligently, and renews itself every Day. Nothing does it more

more hurt than conſtant Application, or Employments too ſerious: It is certain, the Noiſe and Tumult of Buſineſs pall the Fancy; It inſenſibly loſes all the Advantages which an ingenious *Independency* procures. OVID would never have left us ſo exact and gay a Syſtem of Love, had he always followed the *Bar*, for which Family-Reaſons deſigned him. An Imagination chilled by the dry and abſtracted Study of Laws, cannot extend to Views of Gallantry.

THERE are Diſpoſitions of Spirit proper for every State. He that is ſenſible to the Attractives of Pleaſure, diſdains the Hurry and Shew of Affairs. Idle in Appearance, he ſecludes himſelf in a deſirable

sirable Obscurity, and makes it Mistress of his Inclinations. I call to Mind here, and I do it with Delight, the Character of the ingenious *Monsieur* CHAPELLE, so well known by the facetious Manner in which he knew how to travel. He always feared the Engagements, he was advised to enter into with Fortune, and which none can engage in without Crime, or without Remorse. An agreeable Mediocrity animated his careless Indifference, and his Carelessness made him apprehensive of appearing upon the publick Stage. He loved Pleasures by Taste, and cultivated his Reason by Temper. I take this to be the surest Course, to avoid falling into hurtful Excesses.

CHAP. X.

Reflections upon the Uſe we ought to make of the Pleaſures of the Table, to avoid Uneaſineſs.

WE cannot give our ſelves new Taſtes for Things: A Man of Senſe ſtrives to keep and perfect thoſe he has received from Nature. An Enemy to chimerical Refinements, he always conſults the Dictates of his Heart,

Heart, Rules founded upon what he feels, and not upon what he thinks. We cannot hearken to, nor fear our selves too much. Thoſe who are leſs diſcerning imagine on the contrary, that Affections and Inclinations to particular Things, are the Effects of ſerious Study. By a Turn of Thought, both fantaſtical and ridiculous, they would have what pleaſes others, pleaſe them to the ſame Degree. What Extravagance! The Impreſſions of Nature are incommunicable: She is jealous of her Prerogatives, and at the ſame Time varies all her Works. The Portion of Pleaſures appropriated to one Manner of Senſation, is entirely peculiar to that Senſation, and admits of no Dividend: If I

may ſo ſay, it ſtands by itſelf. I hint this as a firſt View; thoſe who ſhall think fit to carry it farther, may be pleaſed with it.

IT is certain the more extenſive our Affections are, the happier we live. LUCIAN compares them to obliging Hoſts upon the Road, who are laviſhly prodigal of their Welcomes and Careſſes to every Traveller; their Compliments are ſo much the leſs to be ſuſpected, as they are ſudden and unpremeditated. *Art* dares not corrupt, what *Nature* offers without Conſtraint; but when ſhe gives her ſelf too great a Looſe, *Paſſions* eſtabliſh themſelves on her Ruins, and cauſe ſo great a Diſorder, that our Taſte entirely vaniſhes. Hurried by Com-

Compulsion, we lose all Relish of Pleasure.

THIS often happens at the most splendid Entertainments: At first, we are delighted to hear of the great Variety of Dishes and Deserts with which the Table is to be spread; and next, of the Purity of delicate Wines; at length we grow bold; and the Freedom which at first enlivened the Company, is at last insensibly converted into Fury: So closed the sad and fatal Debauch, where CLYTUS was assassinated. A bloody Poniard turned Pleasures into Horrour; what could they do? They never assisted but at genteel and courteous Entertainments.

OLD *Rome* pretended to have borrowed true Politeneſs of the *Greeks*; but could never make it appear to adorn their Repaſts. They were groſs and inſipid in the Nonage of the Republick. Succeeding Luxury ſtudied nothing but the Price of *Ragouſts*, without any Care of their Elegance. They preferred a Table ſpread at a great deal of Coſt, before one, which was neat and delicate. Whimſical Caprice! Pleaſures will be purchaſed by nothing, but lively and ardent Deſires. They require no other Expence. I cannot believe that the chief Merit of a Repaſt conſiſts in an extravagant and far-fetched Superfluity. Offer me *Falernian* Wine, whoſe Age I cannot

not combat: Treat me with Oysters from the *Lucrine* Lake, *Minturnian* Fish, and Birds from *Colchos*. Will this absolutely content me? Unmoved, and regardless; at the Price of the Eatables, I shall find no Pleasure in them, if agreeable Company does not excite me to Mirth, and strive to make it sprightly. Happiness does not consist in being distinguished from other Men, but in enjoying more Pleasure than they generally do.

THEODORUS BEZA, whom I dare not praise as a Poet, though his Muse has a great deal of Fire, does not boast of the Magnificence of an Entertainment, he designed for his Friends. He only invites Plea-

ſure and Gaiety to come and preſide at the Table. * *How grateful will it be*, ſays he, *when the God of Wine ſhall have baniſhed gloomy Sadneſs, ſecret Melancholy, frivolous Diſputes, and above all, Arguments drawn from auſtere Philoſophy! Mirth will triumph over their Ruins, ſufficient to excite the Envy of the* GODS: *Dare I ſpeak it with Aſſurance?* Pleaſures which make us envied, ſeem to me to be the moſt deſirable.

I HAVE hinted, that good *Repaſts* ſhould excel in *Gaiety*, which is in my Opinion their chief Ornament, and if I may venture to ſay ſo,

* See his *Latin* POEMS.

their

their true Character Without its Assistance, we sadly languish; but there must be much Caution used to accomplish this Pleasure. Timorous and subject to a thousand capricious Niceties, the God of Mirth shuns numerous Assemblies, uncertain Characters, and all those in general, who exaggerate either Folly or Wisdom. Sometimes he makes his Escape, without letting us perceive his Flight.

NOTHING certainly is more proper to drive away Sadness, than a well spread Table: The most wrinkled Forehead there becomes smooth, and the most austere Gravity insensibly borrows of Folly that elegant Facetiousness, which pleases, without being admired.

Exquiſite Wine takes off the Edge of Reaſon, and animates that Fire, which it endeavours to extinguiſh, by an inexpreſſible Decency. Then witty *Jeſts* go round, and pleaſe the more, if diſtant from a *Pun*. *Muſick* adds no ſmall Acceſſion to innocent Mirth, eſpecially when it is lively. *Songs* polite and full of Fire make that, which perhaps is too bold, at ſuch Entertainments of Freedom, be forgot: *Debauch* changes its Name; deprives itſelf of all its Roughneſs, and of all that is groſs in it, by appearing under ſmiling Looks, or pleaſing Thoughts. Can *Uneaſineſs* intrude into ſuch Companies? or does it not make its Eſcape in an unperceivable Manner?

CHAP. XI.

What Kind of Genius is most proper to enliven Conversation.

THO' *the Art of pleasing in Conversation*, has been published with great Applause, by *Monsieur l' Abbé* DE BELLEGARDE, yet that *Art* is not to be reduced to any certain Method. For what Method can give that fine Talent, which stimulates

and awakens the moſt languid and drowſy Companies? I am well aſſured it is not to be acquired, either by Reading, or Meditation: It is rather like an agreeable Dream, which we recal at Pleaſure; but of which we know neither the Origin, nor the Hiſtory.

Humour pleaſes more in Converſation than *Wit*: I don't wonder at it. *Humour* offers airy Fancies, genuine and naked; it finiſhes and perfects nothing. Satisfied with lightly touching upon what moves it, it paſſes from one Object to another with inexpreſſible Levity; which we like even againſt our Will. Crotchets and Conceits of this Kind ſhew a bold Imagination, and can never enough be

be rewarded. We admire thoſe pompous Knots and Beds of Flowers authoriſed, if I may ſay ſo, by Geometrical Principles; but the Eye is often more taken with the Proſpect of a Garden, where a fantaſtick agreeable Variety reigns, and a Symmetry projected, and left to its Chance by Nature. Too much Regularity tires and fatigues at laſt: Happy Flights of Fancy quicken and excite Converſation. They are ordinarily the Talent of the Ladies. Born with leſs Exactneſs of Spirit, but with more Gaiety of Wit than Men, they ramble ſometimes; and we love to ramble with them. *Coquetry*, which is the chief Fund of their *Humour*, allows them the Liberty of ſpeaking a great many Things, that *Men*

ſhould

ſhould not venture to ſay, and which they recollect with ſtrict Care. I have often perceived their Diſcourſes likewiſe to have been ſo natural and perfect a Picture of the *Paſſions*, that they animated them in a violent Manner. When we *ſpeak* from the *Heart*, with what a *deciſive Air* do we then *ſpeak*! The ſame Turn of Wit which renders the *Ladies* proper for Converſation, ſhines throughout the *Letters* they write. We cannot deprive them of that Applauſe.

We muſt not be too critically ſevere, nor too profoundly learned amongſt the *Polite*. Sweetneſs and good Humour is of more account with them, than *Science*. How weary ſhould I have been of the

Confe-

Conferences and *Table-Talk* of PLATO, ATHENÆUS, or PLUTARCH, which have been handed down to us with ſo much Care? Always ſtrained, always auſtere, they laughed with ſerious Grimace, and could not diveſt themſelves of that which Study has in it, either too ſorrowful, or too ſublime. There is a Way of ſaying *little Things*, preferable ſometimes to that of ſaying *great Ones*; but this Talent is unknown to the *Philoſopher*.

LIGHT Jeſting, and genteel Pleaſantry ought to be the Soul of Converſation. It whets the Wit, and takes it up ſuperficially; which makes it hear and anſwer *à propos*. The Complaiſance of others, in hearing us diſcourſe, ought to

meet

meet with a reciprocal Return; at leaſt we ſhould oblige them, by an attentive Geſture, and ſtudied Approbation. This Deportment pleaſes above all at *Court*. Perſons of high Rank are for being heard; and prefer the Attention that a Man of Wit gives them, before the Diligence he may uſe to divert them.

Dr. Guy Patin, knew the full Extent of this Maxim; and had likewiſe a great deal of Fire, which pleaſes in a witty Society. Formed upon reading the Antients, he was Maſter of the *Art* of Raillery, but rallied ſo cloſely ſometimes, that he did not ſpare his beſt Friends. He was ſought after with Pleaſure, and none ever part-

ed

ed from him, without a ſtrong Deſire to ſee him again. Illuſtrious Magiſtrates, ſuch as *Monſieur* LAMOIGNON*, were ſo charmed with his Converſation, that they offered him a Sum of Money to make him Amends, for the Time he was pleaſed to paſs in their Company. This was ſomewhat extraordinary, and ſavoured more of the Manners of the *Antients*, than of our *Times*.

FOR my Part, I can imagine nothing to be a more agreeable Qualification in any Man, than *the Art of pleaſing in Converſation*. Happily accompliſhed and unparallel'd,

* Lord Chancellor of *Paris*.

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he is wiſhed for every where; his Manners are ſweet and genteel; his Views general, and accommodated to the different Wants of Society, determine his Way of acting. Such, *Monſieur* BAYLE informs us, was the celebrated BAUTRU, who for a long Time acted a very difficult Part at *Court*. Jeſters by Profeſſion, muſt take great Pains to ſucceed. They are expoſed at the ſame Time to Eyes which have too much Exactneſs, and too much Extent. *Monſieur* MENAGE informs us, that BAUTRU knew perfectly how *to raiſe and animate the moſt drooping Converſations*. This Praiſe is curious, and cannot be allowed but to a very few. Dryneſs and Indifference ſometimes moleſt the beſt Companies. The

publick

publick News is drained, to supply the Want of more agreeable Discourse. We look upon each other, as if we were at a Loss what to say; we grow weary and perfectly *uneasy* at last. Thus I am a faithful Painter of what frequently happens in the World. Of what great Assistance would the PATINS, and the BAUTRUS be, at such a Crisis?

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Of dull or uneasy Characters.

WE are almoſt always *Dupes* either to our Judgment, our Memory, or our Imaginations; and ſometimes too without perceiving it. This is the Cauſe of *uneaſy* Characters. No Body dares ſhew himſelf without a Mask; every one is for appearing to the Eyes of the Publick, under a ſtrange Dreſs. The World looks

like

like a magnificent Hall, wherein Nature exhibits the Masquerade; every one would pass there *incognito*, and we all strive to act the Part that least becomes us. At the same Time, the most agreeable Dress is that which is natural. A *Fool*, who offers nothing but Whims, gets the better of the *Philosopher* that is crampt, and fettered in his Wisdom. Generally nothing that is strained and starched can please, and what does not please, always becomes tiresome and *uneasy*.

Good Sense makes Men wise; and nothing in the World is more to be esteemed, than a sound Judgment, just, and uncapable of being surprised. This notwithstanding

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ing forms the first Class of heavy dull Characters. This Proposition is no Paradox. Observe those who would reduce every thing to general Ideas, those who would take hold of that only in the least Things, which has an inexpressible Essentiality, and is independent of common Usages; and we shall find that our Acquaintance with them has no Charms. They *think*, if I may so say, for the Honour of Thinking, but never to please. Their Sublimity is founded upon their Pride; and the Pride of Reason seems to be an incurable Malady. I am bold to affirm it, we are never more *Uneasy*, than when we are tired with *Wit*. These two Things do not seem made to be Neighbours

one to the other; notwithstanding they meet but too often.

I KNOW all the Regards we owe to *Reason*, and believe we cannot with-hold them from it, without a Crime; nevertheless it should sometimes forget and drop its Gravity, in the Embraces of Folly; for its Humour sometimes is very sad. And as *Sadness* is a cruel Enemy to *Self-love*, Men keep it as far from them as they well can. A little Extravagance renders them happy. There is another Kind of insipid Characters, much more hateful; I mean *Pedants*, who, upon Memory, build their principal Merit. At every Instant they recal whatever they have read. Content to appear learned, they are little concerned

to

to appear rational. Such is the Temper of thoſe, who pay a blind Adoration to the *Antients*. They who are infected with this Madneſs, dare not ſpeak from themſelves. Cowardly ſuperſtitious, they know no other Merit in a *Book*, but its *Antiquity*; and the Antiquity of an Opinion, is that which ſtrikes them.

SOME famous Authors have ſaid in theſe latter Ages, that *meer Scholarſhip* is dull and inſipid. It would domineer, and its Conceitedneſs hurts it. *Digreſſions*, ſometimes full of a Diſorder that dazzles; cold and icy *Hiſtories*; long *Tales*, *Jeſts* and *Apophthegms*, taken from a *Greek* or *Roman* Author, are ordinarily the Furniture

of thoſe who aim at nothing, but to be thought meer Scholars: Strange Fancy! We ſhould ſtudy only to merit the Attention, and ſecure the Approbation of the polite World. *Study*, in the mean Time, almoſt always produces among them quite contrary Effects.

As to the *Imagination*, that is leſs ſubject to appear tireſome. Bold, and wanton, it thinks of nothing but to amuſe itſelf. This, we may obſerve, is what ſometimes excuſes the *Ridicule* that is imperceptibly entailed upon it; a *Ridicule* that acts likewiſe more viſibly, when it is too much abandoned to itſelf. They who are made *Fools* by their *Imagination*,

are ſuch as exaggerate its Lights with Tranſport, who can neither give any Account of it, nor govern it; or, who make it ſubſervient to ſilly and chimerical Recitals with all Particularities and Circumſtances. There are no Follies which they do not incur, no Extravagancies they do not attempt. That ſerene State, that Elegance of a quiet uniform Life, ſometimes preferable to the greateſt Employments, diſturbs and diſguſts them. I lament their Fate. Their Condition cannot be fixed, nor long agreeable. It depends on the Change of Modes, an inſatiable Thirſt after new Faſhions and Inventions; an unaccountable Extravagance in Thought and Diſcourſe

course. We seldom attain to that just Medium, where the *Imagination* is neither too hot, nor too cold.

CHAP. XIII.

A farther Proſecution of the ſame Subject.

ALL that is *dull* and *tireſome* in the different Characters of Men, is to be aſcribed to what I have juſt now ſaid; and nothing is more eaſy than to be convinced of it. General Views pleaſe the Mind, flatter its Vanity, and help its Indolence We are for ſeeing a whole Syſtem

laid open with one Glance of the Eye; and the Acknowledgment we have for one Idea which includes a great many others, is always more lively than such Acknowledgment when divided.

It is of Use to know *tiresome* and *dull Characters*; but Decency will not always allow us to avoid them. Slaves almost to an Infinity of Passions, Man cannot shake off their Dominion. If he lived for himself, nothing would force him to be *uneasy*; but he is constrained to observe Measures, either with troublesome Neighbours, or with those who can establish his Fortune: Such Kind of Incumbrances are ever disagreeable. After all, as we enjoy the Conveni-

ence of *Society*, it is but juſt that we ſhould bear the Burden of it.

WE can hardly keep out of bad Company: Viſits and Entertainments of pure Civility form Converſations very *uneaſy*, it is true but at the ſame Time very neceſſary. We are put in Mind thereby of what we mutually owe to each other, and receive Advantage by the *general Diſpoſitions*, which *Nature* has diſtributed amongſt *Men*; as I ſhall hereafter obſerve *. Thoſe who know how to lead theſe *general Diſpoſitions* to *particular Diſpoſitions*, become inſtantly Friends.

* See the xv. Chapter.

I BELIEVE at the same Time we may be *easy* with Fools, by the Help of Raillery; and I find this Manner to be agreeable enough. The pleasant merry Tone always keeps the Mind in Suspence, and renders it more attentive to what it has to say, than to hear others. By this means, it staves off that which is presented to it, in a Manner not so very agreeable. *We should always go to our selves, when we cannot find our Account with others.*

ALL the Methods we can take to be Proof against *uneasy* Characters, are summed up in the Maxim I have here advanced. And therefore I shall not enlarge upon them

any farther, Silence in my Opinion being more prudential. A ſenſible and judicious Writer ſhould avoid particular Methods, whoſe Buſineſs depends upon the different Habits and Diſpoſitions of every individual Genius.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The different Views those Persons may have, who apply themselves to Reading.

ALL Men should proportion their Knowledge to their Necessities. Vain Curiosity destroys them; and that Curiosity which has no Measures is a Kind of Madness. One gives himself up to the most remote *Antiquity*

tiquity, and is poſſeſſed with a ſervile Admiration for Originals, and thoſe often very contemptible; runs the Riſque of getting Learning, which does him Diſcredit. Another is ignorant even of his *Mother-Tongue*, and yet is altogether for ſpeaking that of the *Arabs*, and *Chaldeans*. Vanity ſets them at Work; which is as much to be aſcribed to Education, as to Temper. This makes Men place it before them, in almoſt all their Undertakings.

DIFFERENT Views inſpire Men with an ardent Love for Study. I will now propoſe one which will appear wholly new, and perhaps uſeful.

THERE is a VOID in *Life*, which can neither be filled up by Buſineſs, nor by Pleaſures. Thoſe Moments which ſeem in ſome Sort to be left to *Chance*, are the moſt difficult to be *employed*. I do not wonder at it. They are perfect *Blanks*. By Conſequence therefore, a great deal of Skill is requiſite, to make a right Uſe of them. The *Art* of *Painting* does not ſhine leſs in a *void* Part of the Tablet handſomely filled up, or in a Point of Light finely managed, than in the exact Deſign of the Piece. Little Things are not to be nicely handled without Pains; but when they are ſo handled, they cauſe a pleaſing Surprize, and afford an engaging Admiration.

We are maintained by Buſineſs; we are only allured by Pleaſures. The Mind cannot then apply to Study; but the Interval between Buſineſs and Pleaſure ſhould be conſigned to *Reading*. Nothing but that can render it agreeable. Men are obliged to divide themſelves between acting and reflecting. One of theſe without the other, ſeems to me very dull and tireſome.

The Moments I ſpeak of are too precious, to be applied indifferently to *all Sorts of Reading*. Few Writers deſerve ſo much Favour at our Hands. They are influenced by Pride. Full of a Confidence which they cannot conceal,

conceal, they sacrifice every Thing to the Pleasure of gaining a *Name*; nay, for that Purpose they make use even of Fear and Modesty. All Disguises become *Vanity*; and that is the principal Passion which an Author would gratify. It draws a great many Vices after it; false Judgments, chimerical Ideas, Desire of criticizing, and that of pleasing even to the Prejudice of Truth. Learning should not be made instrumental to refine Passions. It is only designed to distinguish a small Number of happy Spirits, and to deliver them from Prepossessions and Ignorance, which generally blind the Populace. Nevertheless, it is those who give them their greatest Vogue. We must own this to the Shame

of

of Reaſon. A numerous Library is a *Rendezvous* of the moſt fooliſh *Chimeras*, and one of the greateſt Extravagancies, which the Wit of Man can invent.

To what Authors then muſt we devote the leiſure Moments we can ſpare from Buſineſs, and from Pleaſures? Every one will decide this Queſtion, according to his peculiar Fancy; it is ſubjected to the Prejudices of Education, to the Humours of a Mind, more or leſs cultivated; in a Word, to the Inconſtancies of the Mode. My Anſwer ſhall be according to the Light, which *Reaſon* has given me. I *Thought*, and then I *Wrote*; and to the Shame of *Reaſon*, ſome Men *Write* firſt, and *Think* afterwards.

I

I KNOW but two Sorts of Authors, who deserve Esteem; those who *write* to *please*, and those to whom the Heart *dictates*, who *feel* what they *write*. The Number of good Books must consequently be very few; and that is no small Advantage to Reason. Then we should not need to allow too much Time for *Reading*; and yet be sorry that we cannot read all. For my Part, I wish that Authors who bury their Thoughts under a prodigious Heap of Citations and Passages, and those who at all Adventures write the History of remote Ages, were all sacrificed to *good Sense*. *Hermetick* Philosophy, both antient and modern, deserves no greater Application, than

CLELIA, or the *Princeſs* of *Cleves*. We ought to treat every Thing ſo that has the Air of *Romance*.

THE Author who will pleaſe makes choice of no Subjects but what are uſeful. I love to be taught to think well in the Labours of the Mind, and to be conducted into thoſe Worlds, where ſuch an agreeable Variety is found; in a Word, I love thoſe who, without Gall, diſcover to me the Follies of Men, and of thoſe who endeavour to ape them. I cannot ſufficiently expreſs the Elegance, peculiar to ſuch Productions: Their very Ideas charm us. They never repreſent any gloomy Images, nor unwelcome melancholy Truths. If they write ſcrupulouſly, their Exactneſs

is not distastful. If they give a Loose to their Genius, they accompany their humorous Fancies with so much Art and Gaiety, that we lay them down with Pain, and take them up again with Pleasure. Such is the Character of the Works of the famous *Monsieur* BAYLE; who would have made himself a greater Man, if he had had fewer Occasions of doing so.

I PASS from Authors who write to *Please*, to those who *feel* what they *write*. The Effusions of an ingenious Heart contain all the fine and exquisite Things which Nature has to offer. They touch the Heart, and make the Understanding forget both its Haughtiness and Boldness. MONTAGNE says,

nothing

nothing to me, but what he had *felt* himſelf, and obliges me to *feel* the ſame. Naked and free he offers himſelf, it may be ſaid, in his *Deſhabillé*, and his *Deſhabillé* has Graces not ſo ſplendid, but more taking and agreeable, than the moſt ſtudied *Dreſs*.

Madam DESHOULIERS choſe me to be the Confidant of all the Impreſſions ſhe had received from Nature, and ſhe diſcloſed them with that Reſerve and Diſcretion, which a fine Underſtanding ſuggeſts. What Charms are to be found in ſuch Confidences!

PREPOSSESSED in our own Favour, we love thoſe Authors who ſeek to pleaſe us; but we would not have

have them tell us so too openly. We must let Men in all Affairs have the Pleasure of *Divining*. Jealous with Acknowledgment, we would have an Author confide in us, and we repay, by *sincere* Applauses, those very Things he does but *feign* to discover to us.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Delicacy which ought to be uſed in converſing with Women, to avoid Uneaſineſs.

LOVERS are never weary of being together. *Monſieur de la* ROCHEFOUCAULT has given us the true Reaſon, in the following Maxim; *All their Talk is of Themſelves.* He could have ſaid nothing more kindly

kindly in favour of LOVE. Of all Paſſions, this is the moſt lively and delightful. It perpetually furniſhes new Subjects of Diſcourſe, agreeably varied. The leaſt Trifles amuſe. What do I ſay? There are no Trifles between a Lover and his Miſtreſs. Every Thing flatters them, every Thing recalls pleaſing Images into their Minds, Images always new, and always uſeful.

THE illuſtrious *Monſieur* FONTENELLE has, in his *Eclogues*, given us a general Idea of amorous Converſation. How full of Charms! And how agreeably are thoſe Charms ſupported, as well by Sweetneſs as Vivacity!

Heavens! What moving Words did

did SILVANIRA* *hear! Thou can'ſt divine, thou, who knoweſt what 'tis to love: Words dictated by Love himſelf, which the indifferent cannot imitate, which a Lover can no where elſe repeat. They were ſometimes followed by Silence. For want of Voice, their conſcious Eyes interchanged lively, though languiſhing Looks; at once timorous and pleaſing, both ſoft and wounding.* ZELIDA *bluſhed; and that amiable Modeſty was yet more expreſſive of true Love; and the charmed* MIRENE *diſcovered in her Colour Secrets which her Heart ſtill half-concealed. Soon after which, the Hiſtory of their*

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* See the Second ECLOGUE.

Loves

Loves revived; the happy Accident, where firſt their Souls were fired; the Place, even the Habit which ZELIDA *wore; (Nothing is indifferent to Hearts that feel the Dart) the firſt Rigours* MIRENE *had to bear; (which the Shepherdeſs would hardly then allow,) a thouſand amorous Nothings, of no Importance, but to themſelves alone: What Subjects of Diſcourſe for contented Lovers!*

IT is certain, that *Uneaſineſs* is never found with *Love*; they have Intereſts, both one and the other, too different ever to agree together. *Love* is lively and active; *Uneaſineſs* dull and languid. No Treaty of Peace can be concluded between them. I ſhall therefore

ſpeak

ſpeak only of the Converſation with Women we viſit, by Decency or Amuſement. It requires a great deal of Art to know, and a little Boldneſs to pleaſe them. A timorous and uncultivated Spirit can never have a Senſe of what is fine in their way of acting.

Society is a mutual Commerce where every one ſeeks to gain. Leſs neceſſary, but more ingenious than Laws, *Decency* ſaves the Honour of thoſe who cheat, and the Self-love of thoſe who are cheated. How much are we not indebted to it? Like a ſovereign Prince, it does not fear becoming a *Bankrupt*. Its Revenues are founded upon our Wants; and our Wants are never exhauſted. Thus *Decency* is altogether

gether cleared and justified. Persons who are rational, profit by the grateful Offices it does them, and never refuse the Inconveniences which are inseparable from it. Good and bad, if I may say so, shake Hands. We rarely see a solid Felicity, or an obstinate Evil.

We should acquire the *Art* to make Conversations of pure *Decency* gay to us; and we want such an Art but too often. It consists in speaking briskly of Things that touch us, or to recal Events, with which the World is taken up; and to recal them in a Way, that excites our Passions. This is a nice Piece of Skill, which is extraordinary, in that it augments our Strength, and relieves our Indolence,

without borrowing any foreign Assistance. Man will at first judge of himself, and then judge favourably; afterwards he will judge of others, and then judge conformably to his Passions. What a Pleasure is it to him, when he can believe that his Judgments are approved? An Idea so flattering, will not give him room to be *uneasy*.

We should seek lively, but gay, and grateful, facetious Pleasures, in Conversations. of Amusement. They are the true Product of the Heart; and though it refuses nothing, it will have us purchase its Liberalities, by a sprightly Attention.

Always *easy*, and in good Temper,

Temper, Women never unfold themselves, but with those who please them; I do not wonder at it; they act by Transport, rather than by Reason; by somewhat unaccountable, that surprizes them, rather than by any deliberate Motives. We are not to look for a System of Principles, in their Minds or Hearts; they are not susceptible of it; but we are to seek it in their Dispositions. They would be beloved. The least Intrigue takes them up, and the Emotion that follows a Conversation of Gallantry, effectually persuades them.

This is the general Character of *Women*. There are necessary, and imperceptible Respects, which rye

it to that of *Men.* There is an Order, which ſeems maliciouſly eſtabliſhed by Nature; an Order, which deprives Women of the Satisfaction of chuſing, and Men of the Honour of glorying in the Choice they make. This Remark has more Truth in it, than may appear at firſt Sight. Every one ſhould ſeek, in his own Character, that which may merit from him the Attention of the Ladies, and hold to that. The *Ladies* are made very like the *Philoſophers*, who never ſwerve from the Points of Light, which originally ſtrike them; whether through Lazineſs, or the Pride which attends firſt Diſcoveries, I know not. The Mask which has once pleaſed Women, pleaſes them always. Per-

ſuaded

ſuaded of their own Diſcernment, they determine by the firſt Glance of the Eye; and the firſt Glance of the Eye flatters them more, than a Train of ſtudied Reflections. But a Man does not enjoy their Conſtancy, unleſs he takes Care to offer himſelf always to their Eyes, under the ſame Colours. No Change ever happens in their Taſtes.

CHAP. XVI.

WOMEN *less subject to be Uneasy than* MEN.

THIS Conceſſion is not due to any refined Complaiſance. I wiſh it may not ſeem quite otherwiſe. Philoſophers eaſily decline that ſuperficial Politeneſs, which conſiſts in nothing but a deceitful outſide; and are not blamed for it. The cynical Freedom of DIOGENES, pleaſed,

pleased, perhaps, the famous Courtezan *Laïs*, as much as the studied Address of ARISTIPPUS. It is not to be wondred at, Gallantry is sometimes a Converse which Dissimulation and Lying do not corrupt.

I MAY then depend upon my Sincerity; and shall not fear to affirm, that the *Art* of *being always easy* in the World, is a particular Appendage of the Fair Sex. Skilful in the Knowledge of the most secret Movements of the Heart, they form to themselves, what is most agreeable to their own Sentiments. The Care of adjusting their *Dress*, the Study of new *Modes*, the Desire of preserving a *Conquest*, or of disputing it with dangerous Rivals, are enough to take up their Time

entirely. All their Knowledge is limited to the moſt common Uſages of civil Life; and as theſe Uſages are very extenſive, they are rarely *uneaſy*. An Intercourſe that renews every Day, and which requires a very ſmall Number of refined Views, ſubmits the Mind to the Heart; and the Heart has the Complacence to hearken to itſelf, and take Care of its own Intereſts, in an agreeable Manner. *Men* have Wants which they cannot eaſily ſupply; this frequently flings them into a dull, and melancholy Inactivity. *Women*, on the contrary, have juſt as may *Wants*, as *Ways*, to content them. Accordingly, they are always in a pleaſing Agitation: This Difference is worthy

worthy to be explained. The *Wants* of *Men* are too great, or too fantastical: Those of *Women*, seem to me, to be more proportioned to their Character, and Condition. The *first* depend on a thousand Circumstances, which rarely jump together. The other issue from Desires, excited by *Nature* her self. We are to be pitied when we are delivered up to the uncertain Contingencies of Chance.

The Temper that equally rests upon Pride and Delicacy, seems to me most proper to guard against *Uneasiness*; and this is the Temper, and Character of *Women*. They are proud enough to *resist*, and cunning enough to *surrender*. *Love* which refines Wit, disco-

vers to them a thouſand welcome, and winning Inventions. It gives them very earneſt Solicitudes, Fear of not having pleaſed enough, ſtrong Deſires of another Interview, in ſhort, an agreeable Mixture of Pleaſures, and Pains.

THIS appears more, than any where elſe, in the *Grand Seignior's Seraglio.* Can auſtere Wiſdom deny me Entrance there, for one Moment? I believe, as Sir PAUL RICAUT, and other Travellers obſerve, that the *Paſſions* are more animated there, than in any other Part of the World. Solitude and Indolence give them Birth. Jealouſy feeds, and Deſire to gain a Maſter, who ſeems to diſdain the moſt tempting Careſſes,

resses, carries them to the highest Vigour. An inexhaustible Stock of amorous Utensils is requisite; to make this a serious Occupation, for the Term of Life.

CHAP. XVII.

CONCLUSION *of the* WORK.

The more our Senſes *are employed, the leſs ſubject are we to be* Uneaſy.

MAN would not be *unhappy* did he not *Think*; and he *thinks* as much through *Pride*, as *Neceſſity*. This is the Cauſe of all his Errors. A little Indiſcretion and Rapidity in the Mind, relieves, diſſipates, and takes

takes from him the View of the Precipices which ſurround him. Our Reflections deſtroy us; the more ſenſible we are, the more we diſcover the Wretchedneſs of our Condition. This Remark, to me, ſeems uſeful; and if it be raſh, its Raſhneſs is not blameable. *It was not the Intention of Nature*, ſays a judicious Author, *that we ſhould Think with a great deal of Refinement*. Suſceptible of an ingenious Malignity, ſhe orders us to enjoy the Goods ſhe offers, and to enjoy them, without too much Curioſity. A *Knowledge* too extenſive weakens the moſt lively Taſte; and *Pleaſures* gain, by being but lightly glanced upon, what they loſe by being too narrowly inſpected.

Is the *Philoſopher* who ſits at the Opera, and ſtudies how the Decorations and Machines are diſpoſed, ſo as to ſtrike us in an agreeable Manner, at a great Diſtance, ſo happy as the ignorant *Spectator*, who minds nothing but the outward Shew that ſtrikes him? The firſt will *Think*, and gives himſelf uſeleſs Pains; the ſecond is only for pleaſing his Senſes; and is always agreeably moved. Senſation eſtabliſhes a Happineſs, which Thought deſtroys.

WERE it my Buſineſs to ſtrike at the moſt ſhining Prepoſſeſſions, I would confeſs that *Reaſon* is ſad, and even uſeleſs, when it would exalt us, above every Thing, by

Thought:

Thought: It becomes very favourable and charming in reducing us to every Thing by Action. That is properly the Art of Sense. Speculative, and far fetched Views, but at the same Time cold and barren, fatigue and oppress the Mind. It cannot long bear the Weight of those which are too abstracted, nor give itself up to those which are too dry, tho', of the two, the most useful Specularions. *Reason* must be diverted. It loses and forgets itself, if it does not keep a favourable Correspondence with the Objects, which are round about it. More restless than the Mariner, in the boundless Ocean, it knows then no Point where it would fix. This produces a dull and languid Uneasiness.

REA-

REASON, which is for making the Senſes truckle to her, expoſes *Man* to an inevitable Train of Vexations. He then ceaſes to be moved. A certain Stupidity, judicious in the bottom, and full of Wiſdom, uſurps his Heart. He feeds npon Reflections, and divorces himſelf, if I may ſo ſay, from the Converſation of the World. It is that Reaſon, which has produced all we ſee uſeleſs in the *Sciences*. They were not deſigned for *Wants*, ſo much as to be entertaining, becauſe there muſt be a fine Wit to content them: We have ſeen quite the contrary. The *Sciences* are now become a ſerious Occupation.

WE

We ſhould not incumber our ſelves, but with ſuch Things as are really uſeful; and nothing is uſeful to a ſenſible Man, but what makes him act in a lively, chearful Manner, and is always new. It is mere Slavery to think too much. For that Purpoſe, there is need of a Regimen, and Attention, which requires infinite Pains. It is good to decline them. Nothing deſtroys the firmeſt Health more effectually, than continual Application to preſerve it. Prudence is more to be eſteemed, than an ingenious Precipitation; but, at the ſame Time, it is not ſo pleaſurable.

True Happineſs is to be found in

in the Sentiments. It appears there in that genuine Simplicity, which Pride dares not cotrupt; and that genuine Simplicity is the moſt delicious Thing in the World, if I may venture to ſay ſo: It ariſes from certain Views, conducted by external Objects, and is ſo much the more charming, becauſe they never fall ſhort of what they promiſe. *Man* is rarely cheated by what he feels. He ſometimes gives in too much to chimerical Notions; but he never miſtakes, when his Buſineſs is to be agreeably moved and affected. For the better reliſhing and Improvement of what is offered us by the Senſes, we ſhould reject all *Paſſions* which proceed from *Nature*, and form others out of them on

their

their Model. These last, will be less impetuous, and will have more Affinity to our Interests; and finally, to our Manner of acting with those Persons whose Friendship we seek. This Occupation is not worthy of a Great Man.

By this Time it is easy to be perceived, that the *Art* of *Thinking*, and the *Art* of *being easy at all Times*, and *in all Places*, are joined by the strictest Alliance: And that the Alliance which proceeds from a reasonable, though voluptous Appetite, is the Characteristick, and principal Foundation of this small, though I hope useful, Treatise.

FINIS.

No. 64.

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